



Ex-CBI Roundup

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —

NOVEMBER
1969

蔣中正

盟軍勝利紀念





CONTROL TOWER at Kunming, China, in which three Americans were killed when the Japanese raided the town on May 3, 1943. Among those killed were a Colonel Lyons who was directing traffic when a bomb hit the tower.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

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Neil L. Maurer Editor

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Telephone (712) 845-4541

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Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● **Cover picture** this month is a portrait of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek which the Chinese leader presented to the late Capt. Marcus Ogden of San Francisco, prior to his retirement after many years of China service before the war. Captain Ogden later returned to China with the Stilwell Mission. The picture is used through courtesy of Mrs. Ogden, who turned it over to CBIVA National Commander Raymond W. Kirkpatrick for delivery to Roundup.

● **Take time** right now, before you forget it, to circle August 5-8 on your 1970 calendar. Those are the dates of the 1970 CBI Reunion, to be held at the Mayo Hotel in Tulsa, Okla. We suggest you start making plans to attend.

● **Religious rioting** has been going on again in India, set off by charges that Moslems abused Hindu holy men and sacred cows. Gujarat State in West India has been the scene of conflict . . . said to be the worst in the area since India gained independence in 1947. Violence erupted when a herd of sacred cows belonging to a Hindu temple reportedly strayed into a Moslem prayer area in Ahmedabad. Angered Moslems apparently stoned the herd and herdsman.

● **From Ceylon** comes a report that the tame elephants there are suffering from heart disease. Ceylonese scientists have blamed hard work, which includes hauling heavy logs and carrying them down steep mountain slopes. Who said hard work never hurt anybody?

NOVEMBER, 1969



Iowa CBI Picnic

● One hundred CBI veterans and their families spent an enjoyable weekend at Freddy's Beach at Delhi, Iowa, September 13-14. Fred Thomas (a CBI veteran) and his wife Dorothy went all out to give the gang a good time. National Adjutant Russ Kopplin and his wife Mary along with Mr. and Mrs. John Armstrong of Milwaukee, Wis., spent the weekend with the Iowa group. Several families arrived Friday evening and stayed till late Sunday afternoon. Iowa Basha Commander Charles Bloom of Ottumwa conducted a short business session after a big feast Sunday noon. Glen "Red" Henton of Maquoketa, seven times Iowa horseshoe pitching champion and holder of 11 national records, attended his first CBI function. This "lefty" brought along his portable courts and gave an exhibition with a ringer every time.

RAY ALDERSON,
Dubuque, Iowa



CHINESE troop memorial at Hsipaw, Burma, following the death of President Franklin D. Roosevelt. Photo by John A. Simmerl.



MERRILL'S MARAUDERS were reactivated during May 27 graduation of Ranger Class at Eglin Air Force Base, Fla. Shown here are Gen. Oscar Davis, commandant of the Infantry School at Fort Benning, Ga.; Phil Piazza, permanent honorary president and founder of the Merrill's Marauders Association; Col. Y. Y. Phillips, commander of the Ranger Department at Fort Benning; David Hurwitz of Plainview, N.Y., executive secretary of the Merrill's Marauders Association, guest speaker; and Jack Benfield of York, S.C., treasurer of the association.

Merrill's Marauders

● To those of you who served in the CBI Theatre with Merrill's Marauders, I'm sure you will be happy to learn that the 75th Infantry Regiment has been re-activated, and is now officially known as the 75th Infantry Regiment Rangers (Merrill's Marauders). All officers and enlisted men who take the highly specialized Ranger training program will on their graduation be assigned to a Ranger Company, which then becomes part of the 75th Infantry Regiment Rangers (Merrill's Marauders). Our famous Merrill's Marauders Insignia has also now become a part of the official colors of the 75th Infantry. In conjunction with the graduation of Ranger Class 12-69 at Eglin Air Force Base, on May 27, 1969, the official presentation of colors was made to Phil Piazza of Stratford,

Conn., permanent honorary president and founder of the Merrill's Marauders Association. Phil in turn presented the colors to Gen. Oscar Davis, commandant of the Infantry School at Fort Benning, Ga. which

will be the official home and headquarters of the new 75th Infantry Regiment Rangers (Merrill's Marauders). Additionally an official Merrill's Marauders Museum is being set up at Fort Benning. Any of the Marauders who have any important papers, souvenirs, etc., which you would like to donate to the museum are welcome to do so. Please send them to the undersigned, who will arrange for their transfer to Fort Benning. In sending along any articles, mementos, etc., please make certain to include your full name and address; grade at discharge; serial number; also the combat team or unit you served with while in the Marauders, so that you may receive proper credit for your donation. I am historian of the Merrill's Marauders Association; can be reached by phone at 516-431-1807.

THOMAS J. MARTINI,
5520 Long Beach Road,
Island Park, N.Y. 11558

Served in India

● Please enter a one-year subscription for my husband, Virgil Palmer. I know he will enjoy the magazine as he was stationed in India during World War II.

MRS. HELEN PALMER,
Blairsville, Pa.



LT. LAIR from Pittsburgh, Pa., as he appeared when he walked out of the Burma jungle 50 days after being shot down. Photo from Dr. H. Tod Smiser.



WRECKED PLANE at Kweilin, China, is salvaged for parts by members of the 12th Air Service Group. Photo by Arthur DeMolay.

Sind Desert Area

● A talk on the life and support functions of U.S. Army personnel in the Sind Desert area of India, now Pakistan, was presented recently by Lt. Col. Raymond A. McCaffrey of Yonkers, N.Y., at a training session of Chemical Corps Mobilization Detachment No. 1010, at the 71st Regiment Armory in New York. During World War II, Colonel McCaffrey served as depot commander of composite groups in the China-Burma-India theater. In charge of the meeting was Lt. Col. John F. Carroll of North Tarrytown, N.Y., who served as public relations officer for SOS at Kunming and after the war in Shanghai and on Formosa.

From a news release on activities of New York Chemical Corps reservists.)

India and China

● Served with 1380 E.P.D. Co. in India and China during World War 2. Would like to hear from any of the Florida boys in our outfit.

AUGUST A. FISHER,
1954 Georgia Ave.,
Englewood, Fla.

20th General

● Know you are all at Vail, Colo., having a good time. Sorry I could not be with you; will make it one of these times. I still enjoy the magazine; keep up the good work. I was with the 20th General Hospital, Ledo-way.

ELSIE M. SOURS,
Major (Ret.),
Phoenix, Ariz.

13th Mtn. Med.

● Roundup readers from Company B of the 13th Mountain Medical Battalion (survivors of 26 months in CBI on the Ledo and Burma Roads) will be interested to know that I have received a most welcome letter from our company commander, Major George B. Kuite of North Conway, N.H. The major has been forced to quit doctoring due to deafness partially caused by two ear damages in CBI. He also advised that the 2nd platoon commander of Company D, Dr. Joseph Andrews, and his wife were killed in a private plane crash last spring. I believe Major Kuite is an Ex-CBI Roundup reader, so I hope he won't court martial me now when I say we used to enjoy him visiting us and we nicknamed him "Cutie" and "Squeakie." Major Kuite spent several months at Camp Hale, Colo., before going overseas and would have enjoyed the Vail, Colo., reunion. However, he says he lives in the eastern U.S. "ski belt."

RAY ALDERSON,
Dubuque, Iowa



OFFICERS' CLUB at Asansol, where members of the 1st Air Commando Group were served "Carew's Smooth Booze." Decorations were by Lt. Dick Taylor, a fighter pilot. Photo from Dr. H. Tod Smiser.

Rare Asian Source Materials

Rare Asian source materials collected between 20 and 40 years ago by a Wisconsin man have been given to Stevens Point State University, Stevens Point, Wis.

Malcolm Rosholt of Rosholt, Wis., secured the items when he lived in China at three different times and pursued different careers during each residence. He was a journalist seven years, soldier two years and public relations official three years.

His gifts are on display in the front corridor of the learning resources center and include propaganda posters, a complete file of Chinese News Service periodicals (written in English) for 30 years, English-Chinese dictionary, books giving communists' and nationalists' own versions of Chinese history between 1920s to early 1950s, and a paper rubbing of inscriptions on a memorial stone.

Dr. Frederick Krempel, dean of learning resources, said many items are not available from other sources. He said he was particularly pleased "with the newsletters which will provide invaluable information for researchers." The books on the communists' and nationalists' history, written by each group's propagandists are believed to be among few copies in the United States.

Rosholt also gave the university several hundred operational messages he sent

to U.S. fighter squadrons while serving as a liaison officer with Chinese armies in the field during World War II.

The only item he will keep after the exhibit ends is a citation awarded him by the nationalist government and signed by its leader, Chiang Kai-shek. This "Special Breast Order of White Cloud Banner," written in Chinese, was given for services Rosholt made, as a major, to the allied forces in China.

After graduating from St. Olaf College in Northfield, Minn., Rosholt went to China with intentions of doing mission work for the Lutheran Church. But after arriving there in 1931 he changed his mind and secured a position as correspondent for a daily newspaper in Shanghai.

He kept the job seven years before returning to the United States, but wasn't home too long before war broke out. When he went back in 1943 as an officer in the 14th Air Force, he was one of only three Americans who knew the language. One of the others was John Birch, namesake of the ultra conservative political society that bears his name.

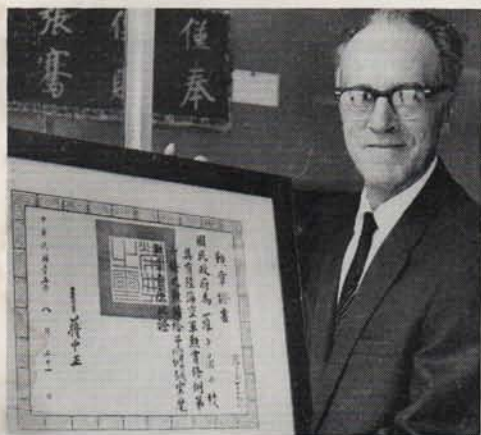
Rosholt says Birch had a much different philosophy than is espoused by the society. "He (Birch) wouldn't let his name be used by such an organization if he were alive today," Rosholt commented.

During his third residency in China, Rosholt was the public relations officer for the Civil Air Transport directed by the famed pilot Claire Lee Chennault.

Rosholt worked closely in promotional projects with Chennault's wife, Anna, now frequently mentioned in the news because of her political involvement with high-ranking members of the Nixon administration.

He also was acquainted with author Pearl Buck, who spent much of her life in humanitarian projects among the Chinese people. Rosholt remembers the amusement Miss Buck had reminiscing how it took thirteen attempts among New York publishers to get her book, "The Good Earth," into print. That piece of work thrust her into world-wide prominence after it became a "best seller."

Since returning to his native Rosholt, which is named in honor of his family, he has toured the country lecturing about his experiences in the Far East and has made his mark as a writer of local history. □



CITATION received from the Nationalist Government of China during World War II is displayed by Malcolm Rosholt of Rosholt, Wis. This award and a collection of rare Asian source materials are on display in the learning resources center at Stevens Point State University, Stevens Point, Wis. Rosholt donated the materials, except the citation, to the university.



From The Statesman

CALCUTTA—For ill-treating 36 fowls a man was convicted under the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Act and sentenced to pay a fine of Rs 15, in default five days' simple imprisonment. The case, said to be the first of its kind in Calcutta, was initiated by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals as the accused was found carrying the fowls in a basket by fixing their legs with a single knot and thus restricting their movement, thereby "causing severe pain and agony to the poor birds."

NEW DELHI—China has the maximum acreage of land among foreign missions in Chanakyapuri, according to official statistics. The Chinese Embassy is built on a 30.39 acre plot while the Embassies of the USA and Britain are on 27.97 and 24.11 acres of plot respectively. About 35 diplomatic missions in New Delhi have acquired plots in Chanakyapuri for constructing their buildings.

CALCUTTA—Jute no longer means only jute sacking and hessian for heavy duty packaging. There are quite a few things now being produced commercially which are mainly the result of the industry's diversification effort. Beauty treated and special textured jute fabric is setting a new style in home and office decor in the West. Jute backing has supported the rapid growth of the tufted carpet manufacturing industry. Jute-cotton, jute rayon and now jute-polyester resin union fabrics have produced many articles of utility. The chair made from polyester resin with jute-glass reinforcement is an example. The high strength and low cost of jute fabric make it suitable for wide use in industries. Laminated and coated fabrics have been developed to meet special industrial needs.

NEW DELHI—The first of the Tourism Development Corporation's chain of roadside motels was to be constructed on the national highway just outside Jammu on the way to Kashmir. Plans called for 20 double and 10 single rooms with some of the rooms air-conditioned, also a modern restaurant and an automobile service station and petrol pump. Jammu is a major staging post for tourists to Kashmir and also for pilgrims to Vaishnu Devi. The Development Corporation is also preparing to build a 100 bed hotel in Srinagar on Boulevard Road, skirting Dal Lake.

SITAPUR—Eleven people, including four women and two children, were burnt alive in Chilwara village. All of them were in a hut which caught fire.

NEW DELHI—There were 55 ageless old queens of the road entered in the sixth Statesman vintage car rally. A large gathering, 7,000 strong, was on hand to view the parade as the cars passed through Connaught Place, along Janpath, India Gate, Vijay Chowk and Shanti Path. Among the cars were four Mercedes, a Jaguar, a Lagonda, a Delage, a Maybach, two Bentleys, a Lanchester, a Lancia Lambda, two Cadillacs, a 1904 Oldsmobile, Rolls Royce 1915 Chevrolet, 1937 Morris, 1924 Ford A.

CALCUTTA—Religion still plays a major part in Indian life, especially in the village. And when a villager comes to the big city, he brings many of his village ways with him. People from the neighbouring States who come hither for work live frugally, often communally in Calcutta. Those who were born strict vegetarians continue to be so and take the sort of employment—peon, durwan, liftman, driver—that does not come into conflict with this custom. Each evening a portion of the after-work hours is reserved for a pandit's preaching. A congregation is formed wherever a handful of people are eager. The pandit sits on a platform with pictures of the gods, wreathed in flowers and incense smoke. The meeting starts with a bhaian or hymn. The pandit reads from the Ramayana, gives moral instruction, offers the prasad to the gods and each person present partakes of it.

CALCUTTA—"What we know as maltas are called oranges in the West, and our oranges are their tangerines. The reason we have named oranges maltas is that we imported the fruit from the island of Malta about 100 years ago. One recorded evidence of this is contained in the Gazetteer of Gujranwala District (1893-94) which says: 'In addition to the ordinary fruits, limes, lemon, pomegranates, figs, grapes, etc., Malta oranges which were imported 40 years ago by Colonel Clarke, direct from Malta, have spread all over the district and thrive wonderfully in the loamy soil around Gujranwala.' During the Second Sikh War, Arjun Singh, son of Hari Singh Nalwa, shut himself up in the fortified house built by his father outside Gujranwala with about 100 men and openly defied the Government. The house, now known as the Baradari, is one of the most perfect surviving specimens of Sikh architecture. The garden was at one time famous in the Punjab for its variety of rare trees and plants and first Malta oranges introduced in the Punjab were grown here."—Indian Notebook.

The Tiger Is Ready to Spring

Almost 30 years ago, 23-year-old Dick Rossi scrambled in a P-40 fighter taking pot shots at Japanese planes over China. This fall, Rossi, now 51, will be delivering crates of strawberries to his former enemy. Rossi is a pilot for the Flying Tiger Line Inc., the world's largest all-cargo carrier that recently won route awards to deliver cargo in some of the Far Eastern countries where Rossi saw action. He was a Flying Tiger back in the '40's—one of 100 American mercenaries led by Col. Claire Chennault to defend the Burma Road, sole supply route to China against Japanese attack.

The Los Angeles-based cargo line by the same name bears another similarity to the old Tigers—10 pilots and the president, Robert Prescott, were among the original Tigers. Times have changed since they engaged the Japanese in dog-fights over China. And the one-time mercenaries are pleased with the switch. "To be sentimental about it, I'm happy to be going back," says Prescott of the Tiger's return to Far East bases. Aside from sentiment, Prescott needs the Pacific routes badly.

By PRUDENCE BROWN

From Newsday

Robert Prescott started Flying Tiger Line Inc., in 1945 with 14 twin-engine Navy surplus Budd Conestogas. To get financial backing, he wrote his old Flying Tiger buddies, those highly-paid daredevil defenders of China in the early days of World War II, asking for help: "Put that drink in your other hand and tell me what you're doing. I'm starting an airline to fly cargo across the United States. I need you and your money," pleaded Prescott. Ten pilots joined up, bringing \$89,000 with them. Sam Mosher, a Texas oilman, kicked in another \$89,000. The Tigers were back in business, and they brought the old daredevil flare to hauling cargo.

If leather-jacket type stunts were what airlines are made of, the Flying Tiger freighters would be high among the carriers today. But good profits require good management, and Prescott is pulling out all the stops trying to make a go of his ailing carrier.

The Tigers lost 19 per cent in Military Airlift Command receipts last year because they lacked the necessary planes. Prescott blames McDonnell Douglas Corp., makers of the DC-8 for the loss: "They were six months late in delivery

of our new planes last year, so we lost some MAC contracts."

Revenues fell from \$87,030,000 in 1967 to \$76,700,000 last year because the military went elsewhere—United, American and TWA—with its business. Earnings per share plummeted from \$7.59 to a paltry nine cents in the same period.

But Prescott has been through rough times before—"I've been scared to death a few times, especially the first time I was shot at by the Japanese." He says the Flying Tigers are "hustlers, and we will survive."

Standard & Poor's investment service estimates the carrier will be earning \$1.25 per share from nine cents by the end of the year mainly because of new, lucrative Pacific routes; a shiny new fleet of big jets and a gutsy management.

The Pacific routes could be the turning point for the 24-year-old carrier. Up to now the Flying Tigers haven't exactly been burning up the skies with profits.

Speaking of those new Pacific routes, Ed Silverman, airline analyst for Shearson, Hammill & Co., Inc. claims: "There will be a lot of cargo lifted into and out of the Orient in the coming years." Prescott calls the Pacific "an unexploited market," which he thinks will bring in a least \$25,000,000 of business to the Tigers the first full year of operation there in 1970. "That will probably balance out the drubbing we took in the military business last year," he concludes.

The firm will phase out the last of the old prop plane fleet this year to make room for 17 huge DC-8 stretched jet freighters. And Prescott plans to form a holding company to make acquisition easier.

Says one Flying Tiger: "We've changed dramatically in the last year. We're no longer a rinky-dink, little broken down airline that some people might have thought."

If the Tiger pilots are a bit bizarre, its management is, well, "offbeat" as Shearson's Silverman says. "They are mavericks," continues Silverman, "who have come up with some pretty unusual ideas."

Three years ago the cargo airline bought a Savings and Loan company, which was, at the time, a somewhat unusual acquisition for an airline. The deal was called off because of lack of stockholder interest. "We postponed two meetings for lack of stockholder quorum and eventually conditions deteriorated and we called the deal off," says Prescott. The carrier was first to fly large-

scale charter flights over the Atlantic in the 1950's. They were the first to finance expensive new planes by selling trust certificates for the equipment to the public. The trustee, usually an insurance company or trust fund, actually owned the planes until the Tigers were able to pay off the notes.

Prescott claims it took a slightly off-beat management to pull the carrier through the late '40s and early '50s when hundreds of pilots were returning from World War II battle zones with exactly the same idea—to buy some of the cheap surplus planes and start an airline. Most of them never got off the ground. "You had to be an innovator and damn resourceful in those days to keep the airline alive," says Prescott.

One of the more dangerous assignments for the young cargo line was flying freight to the Dew Line radar stations in Alaska. "We left a few airplanes up there," says Prescott. "Four C-46s and one DC-4 crashed in Alaska—but all our pilots came back."

Prescott also likes to talk about one of his pilots who was the first to test

the STOL (short take off and landing) concept—unintentionally: "It was up in Canada. He landed a huge C-54 on a strip, but when he came to the end of it, he couldn't stop. Rather than crashing off the end, he made a quick 180-degree turn and went back up the runway and came to a safe stop," says Prescott with pride.

Prescott's latest corporate move is the formation of a holding company called Flying Tiger Corp. Under the plan the airline would be merged into the new corporation as a wholly-owned subsidiary, pending Securities & Exchange Commission approval. United Airlines has also submitted a plan to form a holding company so they can more easily acquire companies outside the air-related industry. Says Prescott: "I have no fixed notions on acquisitions not in the airline field. But it'll be nice to be a holding company just in case one comes along." On merger: "Airline mergers are difficult. The other cargo carriers, Airlift International and Seaboard, aren't that attractive. There is no one we would like to merge with anyway." □

There's a New Bridge Over the River Kwai

By United Press International

KANCHANABURI, Thailand — A few miles west of this peaceful province capital in central Thailand lies the scene of one of the most dramatic stories to come out of World War II, the infamous bridge across the River Kwai.

There isn't much left there today to mark the savagery and heroism of the 125,000 or more allied prisoners and coolie laborers who slaved to build Japan's "Death Railway" to Burma.

All that remains is a cemetery with 7,000 graves, and a Japanese monument exhorting the "Men of Southeast Asia" to "strive together to throw off the yoke of white imperialist devils" and build a new life for themselves by winning the war.

In the bed of the stream you can still see the concrete pilings of the original River Kwai bridge. It was bombed into oblivion by Allied planes shortly after the railway was completed in 1944.

The new bridge, several hundred yards upstream, is a cement-and-iron trestle that spans the stream and shoots a pair of rusty iron tracks off into the dense rain forest on the other side.

The original Kwai bridge, immortalized in a book by Pierre Boulle and a movie that starred Alec Guinness as a hard-

nosed British colonel, served the same rail line.

The Japanese wanted a route by which they would be able to supply their Burma fighting front from their relatively secure bases in Thailand. They chose to build a railway up the Kwai Valley and across the Three Pogodas Pass on the mountainous border, thence down to Moulmein.

To build it, they mobilized an estimated 25,000 British, Australian, Dutch and American prisoners of war, and about 100,000 coolies.

Although prisoners of war cannot legally be required to work on enemy construction projects, the Japanese ignored the conventions and turned the railway into a massive slave labor project.

By the time the railway was finished, 16,000 Allied prisoners and something like 100,000 coolies had died, from malnutrition, overwork, disease and Japanese bullets.

Today there is only the cemetery to remember them by; it is neat and well-tended, with row on row of gravestones.

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India and the Green Revolution

India's so-called "green revolution," resulting in an increase in agricultural production, has received considerable mention. In this article from The Statesman, a staff member discusses this improvement and makes some predictions for the future.

By M. B. LAL

From The Statesman

The agricultural revolution has saved the country from disaster but not for all time. Production has come to stay, for a few years at least, around 95 million tonnes as it did around 80 million tonnes a few years ago. The overall rate of growth in the sixties has been about 1.5%, which is short of the rate of population growth. Part of the shortfall has been made good by increased imports and, on the whole, the people are just as well or as badly fed as they were in the first few years of the decade.

From the last peak production of 89 million tonnes in 1964-65 we have moved to a maximum of 96 million tonnes up to 1968-69 which again represents a growth rate of 1.5%. The average annual increase in the application of inputs is unlikely to be much higher during the next decade than it has been during these five years. The monsoon follows its own laws; it appears that in any five-year period one or two good years will be followed by one or two bad ones.

The production of about 95 million tonnes in 1967-68 and 1968-69 is the achievement of two good years of the monsoon. A fall in production due to a bad monsoon during the next year or two, in spite of the efforts to increase production, is not unlikely. But it would be safe to assume that the average output of the next two years will be in the range of 95 to 100 million tonnes.

This would mean that by 1971 we should be lucky to attain the Third Plan target of 100 million tonnes. This would be 25 to 30 million tonnes short of the original estimates of the output required for self-sufficiency in that year. But practical considerations have led the Government to lower its own estimates of self-sufficiency in recent years.

Some experts in the Union Food Ministry feel that the current production may be higher than estimated since food is readily available in the markets all over the country and at reasonable prices. It is assumed that the "green revolution" has now gathered sufficient momentum to assure a 5% rate of growth

in agriculture during the next decade. This is based on the proposal to bring during the Fourth Plan another 40 million acres under high yielding varieties backed by additional inputs of two million tonnes of fertilizer and 30 million acres of new irrigation. But the experts tend to overlook the fact that the addition of 21 million acres under high yielding varieties after the bumper crop of 1964-65 has meant an increase of only 7 million tonnes. With this performance the expectation of an increase of 32 million tonnes during the next five years seems too optimistic.

Admittedly there is considerable private investment also in agriculture these days. But the annual increase is not likely to be more than Rs 200 crores a year. At the current rate of growth and on the basis of present prices, the annual income of Rs 12,000 crores from agriculture increases by an average of about Rs 240 crores, and about half of it, that is Rs 120 crores, may be ploughed back by the farmer. Urban incomes are also flowing into the farms, possibly at a rate of about Rs 100 crores a year, but most of it is used for buying up land from the small farmers and not for financing inputs to increase production.

High-yielding varieties of grain have to be backed by heavy investments in fertilizer and water to get the best results. Even in wheat, maize, bajra and jowar where the high yielding varieties have developed fast, progress has been uneven. Progress is equally slow in cash crops.

By the end of this decade fertilizer consumption will have increased by over two million tonnes (from 200,000 tonnes in 1960-61 to 2.4 million tonnes in 1970-71). The net increase in fertilizer application during the next five years is unlikely to exceed this rate. Nor will the over-all rate of new investment in irrigation, by Government or private sources, be much higher during the Fourth Plan than it has been during the last three years.

Since the returns from the high yielding varieties are almost completely dependent on these two major inputs, fertilizers and water, it will be futile to expect in agriculture a rate of growth which is far in excess of the rate of investment and the input-output ratios achieved so far.

A problem of even more gigantic proportions than finance is that of the millions of small holdings, half of which are uneconomic and the other half barely able to maintain their owners at below

subsistence level. According to official statistics, of the 50 million farms in the country 40% are under one hectare (2.5 acres), 35% between one and three hectares and 12% between three and five hectares. Among them these three types cover 50% of the cultivated land and nearly 90% of the cultivators. Barely 4.5% of the farmers own more than 10 acres. It is obvious that under the present pattern of land distribution, any major effort towards increased production can be expected only from the last section of farmers who own more than 10 acres.

The new varieties need not only a capacity to invest but also a capacity to sustain losses. If part or the whole of a year's crop is spoilt by drought or pests and the inputs go to waste this should not discourage the farmer from trying the same technique next time. Many a small farmer in the country tends to give up the new variety after the failure of the first experiment has landed him in debt. Also, in certain crops prices have slumped at harvest time depriving the farmer of the returns he expected on his investment.

The agricultural revolution cannot be pushed very far until the problems of

the small holders are solved. Just as there is a law placing a ceiling on individual farms, we may also need a law defining the minimum land holding. Fragmentation of land below a certain level should be forbidden and uneconomic units should be merged or bought off. But this is not easy unless alternative employment is made available to the small farmers who will be squeezed out by such a measure.

If the land ceiling legislation is repealed and large farms allowed, heavy investments in agriculture may be facilitated, attracting a lot of black as well as open money into farming. This may be unacceptable to the Government. Another suggestion is that credit to farmers by official agencies and private banks be stepped up.

It is felt by many that prices of farm produce should be allowed to keep rising so that more and more resources can flow into agriculture and the farmer is encouraged to invest more. This may not be an unmixed blessing as the benefits may be mopped up largely by traders and profiteers who are not the people who invest in agriculture. All these factors place heavy limitations on India's growth potential in agriculture. □



KUNMING AIRFIELD, just three miles from the city of Kunming in Yunan Province, China, as it looked in April 1944. (ATC photo).

The Winged Way Out

By ALICE ROGERS HAGER

From Skyways Magazine, 1945

ATC SEARCH AND RESCUE HEAD-QUARTERS, ASSAM—This is the story of an Air Force outfit dedicated to life instead of death. It is a shepherd of lost sheep, a Good Samaritan for lost and wandering airmen. When they crash in the baleful jungles of Burma, it goes out into the void to search for them and lead them safely back to their bases.

Nothing that could be written about flying in this part of the world could be as dramatic as reality. The weather is the worst there is; the jungle defies sane adjectives. Yet our men have been flying it since Pearl Harbor, and all too many of them have died of it. In the early days, when the Japs had northern Burma, they were the prey of enemy fighter pilots. Since the northern half has been cleared of the Nipponese, there still is—and always will be—the weather and the jungle. Flying the ocean is a child's play compared to flying the Hump.

In 1942 and through most of 1943, any pilot who took off from India knew that the dice were heavily loaded against him. But men and planes were so short that HQ was powerless to do anything about it, even when the wrecked bones of the lost ships were littered from Assam to China. Any crashed air crews that got back did it because of frontiersman's instinct and the grace of the Almighty.

Help finally came from an unexpected quarter. One crash made headlines at home, and the strained resources of the Air Forces in the Theater had to be called upon. The expendables could no longer be written off with grim faces and angry helplessness. The result, since that time, has been the steady growth of one of the most remarkable search and rescue organizations in the world, and today the record stands at better than 75 per cent of all lost airmen being brought in safe and sound by the aerial shepherding of the ATC unit here at Chabua.

That crash that made the merciful headlines was the one in which Eric Severeid, radio war correspondent, State Department's John Davies and other civilian passengers went down deep inside Burma. It was one thing to lose Army personnel; it was something else again

when civilian officials were the victims. A rescue party was assembled, a plane commandeered, and the search began. The radio message received had said that there was an injured man in the party, and Air Surgeon Colonel Don D. Flickinger insisted on going along. He was given express orders not to jump, when he volunteered to do so, but when the wreck was located, he deliberately disobeyed, claiming that it was his duty as a doctor. Two sergeants, Passey and McKenzie, made their first jumps with him. The disabled man was cared for, and then the party was brought out.

Back in the Eastern Sector headquarters in Chabua, Assam, Captain John Porter took over. "Blackie" Porter had been a test pilot in the States. He had been flying the Hump and was utterly fearless in the air. On the ground he was silent and unassuming, melting into a group as though invisible. But he loved to fly, and in his element he changed character completely, becoming a daring, swashbuckling leader who could inspire his men to superhuman effort. They adored him, and as one of his boys said, "They would have flown with him to China and back with the plane inverted the whole way."

"Blackie" hated the Japs with an intensity which drove him like a whiplash. One day, flying over an enemy airfield, he saw a Zero on the strip. A pilot stood alongside the plane. Captain Porter nosed the C-47 down, handed the controls to the copilot, kicked open the escape hatch and turned a Bren gun on the target. The fighter went up in flames, and the Jap crumpled under a hail of lead. Porter calmly pulled the gun back in, stowed it tenderly in the rear of the cockpit, took over the wheel and flew home, a completely satisfied grin on his face.

When Porter began the rescue work in October, 1943, he had no planes or personnel assigned. A message would come in from the radio operator of a ship in distress, or another would be unreported. Porter would call for men he knew from all the nearby stations and beg, borrow or steal the planes. They would work all night, getting ready, and then at the first faint light of dawn, take off for the estimated location of the missing crew. Every foot of the sector would be combed, the planes flying so low they practically scraped their bellies on ridges and tree

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

tops. Porter would never give up so long as there was a vestige of hope for the otherwise doomed men.

In November, the Fourteenth Air Force in China turned over a badly shot up B-25 to the new Search and Rescue organization, although organization was scarcely the name for this highly personalized, individualistic group of men. The medium bomber was a godsend, crippled and unsafe as it was. But it had speed and guns to use against Jap fighters, and it was their own. The mechanics would sweat over it night after night, getting it patched to the point where it could, by some stretch of their feverish imaginations, be called flyable—then they would fight to go along with Captain Porter on the hunt. Then Porter himself got it. He had always known he would never go home, but that realization had only driven him harder. On this day in December, just before Christmas, the "squadron" was happy. Pfc. Jack Cramer of Brooklyn, who could always drum up parties, had laid in the makings of a celebration: cake, ice cream, and even girls for a dance were promised.

Porter took off, with several other ships, to follow up a series of new clues. Near Suprabum, he spotted three flights of Zeros and fighter-bombers heading for Fort Hertz. He radioed for fighter cover and continued his mission. A few minutes later, he saw a formation of fighters through the clouds overhead and, thinking they were the American planes, flew in to join them. The enemy ganged up on him, and he headed back for the Fort, his ship riddled and beginning to burn. He ordered the crew to jump, but the intercom had been shot out. Over the Fort, the Japs were bombing, so Porter headed through the nearest Pass with the Japanese Zeros still on his tail. One engine was gone, and the flames were spreading back over the fuselage in solid sheets.

Porter told his copilot, Lieutenant James Spain, to bail out and in spite of Spain's protests Porter stuck to the order. Lieutenant Spain threw open the top escape hatch, but he stuck in trying to climb through. Then the Captain stood up and shoved him clear, and Spain shot backwards, between the props, over the gun turret and between the stabilizers, too paralyzed to realize the miracle of his missing all of them. His chute opened and he floated down safely—the only man on the ship to get out.

Two other rescue planes, two belonging to CNAC and two Troop Carriers were lost that same disastrous day due to enemy action.

When Spain came in, the squadron was

wild with excitement. Somehow, "Blackie" must have pulled it off. He'd be back, too. They ate a lot of cake that day, and the search for their CO went on. Spain himself led the ships, scanning every ravine, every crevice, the crest of every ridge.

Two weeks later they found the wreckage, splattered and burned rubble. Porter had gone out as he had flown, along the glory trail. Tight-lipped, his men went back to their task of mercy. From then on, they had even more reason to snatch their fellow Americans from the enemy. They had a deeply personal score to settle.

At twenty-six Porter had been the "old man" of the crew. The average age of the others was little more than twenty-two. One of these kids, Lieutenant Powell, stepped in and ran the still hit-and-miss operation for a couple of months until Lieutenant Bill Smith, a former commercial artist and brother of Major General C. R. Smith of ATC, was ordered in. Smith set up a grid map, arranged regular flight schedules so that one man didn't fly more than his "share" of missions, arranged for supply and maintenance on the planes and then assigned each crew to fly definite areas daily. In this way the entire danger area was covered in routine fashion every third day.

But the work kept growing, and rank was needed as well as organization. In February, 1944, Major R. L. Hedrick of Salt Lake City, was given the job of CO. The Major had been Eastern Sector Intelligence officer and had done some ground and air-rescue work at Sookerating, in an area which furnished most of the trade for the Porter outfit. By this time, there were wrecks scattered all over the northern part of Burma and the Hump, and it had become too difficult to tell the new from the old. Smith's grid map, eleven and one-half by twenty-four feet in size, was ideal for spotting these ships, but they all needed permanent identification. A careful search was instituted to tag each one, and then the location was pinpoint on the map by a tiny numbered flag. Card indexes with all available facts were set up to match those numbers. That map today looks like a forest, but it is a forest that is known and recorded.

The Major also set up an improved chain of communications, and now a constant flow of information comes in to headquarters by radio, teletype, telephone, letter and pilot reports. Contacts have been made with all the native tribes, many of them former (and some not so former) headhunters, who live in primitive style in the jungles, using crossbows for hunting and spears for

fishing. The Japs usually mistreated these peoples, who, when they found they were assured of ample rewards for every air crew they brought in, became eager beavers at the work.

Wherever there was no landing strip large enough to take even an L-5, Hedrick has set up networks of ground parties, equipped for instant action. Native coolies and guides are under the supervision of ATC personnel, and they are able to go out as far as 150 miles from their bases when a search is on. That 150 miles of jungle hiking takes as much as a full month for these specially trained and equipped parties. They locate and identify the wreck, bury the dead, rescue survivors and destroy secret materiel. More and more crews have been given instruction in parachuting, and certain Flight Surgeons who have volunteered for the work are always on call in case there are disabled men who must have immediate medical attention.

Now when a plane reports trouble, the radio operator lashes down his key so that Search and Rescue can get a cross-bearing from different stations. As soon as this is plotted, a telephone call goes out from HQ to the nearest ground unit, and the whole machinery moves smoothly into high gear. The search planes take off, loaded with everything the men will need. When the crash is located, the rescue ship parachutes food, blankets, jungle hammocks, medical kits, jungle "survival" booklets and maps of nearby trails. Wherever possible, a "Gibson Girl" radio is sent down so that the survivors can keep in touch with the rescue party. Otherwise, they find signal panels in their kits with which they can tell the planes, their exact condition and any special supplies they need. Day by day, the planes shepherd them along, unless the jungle is too thick.

Bill Smith had had another idea during his brief but valuable tenure of office—a plan to set up ground trails and give permanent groups of Nagas regular supplies of rice and carbines with ammunition. Jap patrols were busy at that time, and the native rescue parties frequently came into contact with them. But Lieutenant Smith had considerable trouble getting the arms and ammunition. There were occasions when he had to steal them from Army supplies because his requisitions had been disregarded. But the organization finally was achieved, despite all.

Hedrick says now that those early trails, along five of the Burmese rivers where there are rapids and precipitous gorges, have been extended to some 550 miles through heavy jungle growth, with the rivers and their tributaries bridged. Food caches have been installed at fre-

quent intervals, with cigarettes, blankets and maps showing the location and the way out. A considerable fleet of planes has been assigned to the unit, with ground crews and equipment. In the last year, the work has grown about 150 per cent as this increased equipment made possible doing a constantly better job. The air crews fly an average of thirty to thirty-five hours every other day, with most of the searches made at less than 200 feet of altitude. "It's one of the thrills of a lifetime to ride in a B-25 through those gorges and over the mountains," says the Major. "The morale of the pilots and enlisted men is terrific—they wouldn't think of flying high merely because they themselves would be safer."

"Since the enemy lines are receding, we can take the planes along the route and spend much more time searching. We're beating the Japs out of our way, but the jungle is still there. We'll beat that, too, in the end."

All passengers of ATC planes flying the Hump are now given a careful briefing before take-off. Their parachutes are adjusted and each seat pack contains a minimum jungle kit. That is the precautionary work which has saved many a man the planes have missed.

Some of the rescues are still pretty fantastic, however—such as the case of Lieutenant Greenlaw Collins. I saw Collins in an Evacuation Hospital in Burma when he had been there a week. He was a lad of twenty-three from New Orleans, blond, blue-eyed and very shy. The Chief Nurse and I came up to his bed in the ward just after his lunch had arrived. He was friendly and willing to talk but painfully embarrassed. Food was still so important that he could scarcely get enough of it. (He had lost thirty pounds in the forty-three days of his "walking in.") The diet kitchen sent him special meals, three and four times the normal amount a healthy man would eat. Every bit of it would disappear, and he would look wistfully after the empty tray when it was carried away.

Between bites, Collins' account was told, jerkily and with much encouragement from Miss Webber. This was his second tour of overseas duty as a fighter pilot, and he had been on detached service with ATC, waiting assignment to a fighter squadron. He was offered a ferry trip to China with several other pilots, flying P-51's.

"Everything seemed all right when we left," he said. "But over the Naga Hills, my ship developed engine trouble. We had been flying formation but the weather was thick, and I couldn't keep up while I worked on the engine. Then the plane went into a spin, and I had to bail out."

"The jungle trees were terribly tall. I landed in the top of one and swung to another just as the limb I had caught on broke and fell. My chute was snagged on it, and the combined weight threatened to drag me loose. I unbuckled my harness, thinking my emergency equipment would drop to the ground. Instead it caught again in the top branches of another tree. When I slid to the ground, I saw it was impossible to get the kit, so I went down the mountain to a river to try to signal a plane I heard circling. I waved my shirt and made smoke signals, using my few matches to start the fire—but they missed me.

When the plane was gone, I took inventory. I had my canteen and cup, my fountain pen, wallet and a lighter out of fluid. If I had had a knife, things wouldn't have looked so bad. Also, I was wearing Indian boots—I hope no other pilot ever does that.

"I spent the first night on a flat rock in the river and stayed around for the next four days, trying to signal the search planes. It just didn't work. I couldn't find anything to eat during this time and since I had had only doughnuts and coffee that first morning, I was pretty darned hungry.

"On the sixth day, there were no more planes, and I decided I'd better start out. The weather was bad.

"The country was the roughest I'd seen. I stuck to the river because that seemed the best thing to do. When it ran into a gorge, I climbed the mountains and tried to stay as close as I could until I passed the gorge. Sometimes there were elephant trails. The climbs were usually up slopes of thirty to sixty degrees or worse. A good deal of the time I had to crawl on my belly because of the steepness and the dense underbrush. I don't know how many miles went by that way, probably not as many as it seemed. When I was walking I would stop once an hour to clean off the leeches. They were pretty bad—my boots would be so full of blood they would slosh at every step. The boots gave me the most trouble. They had lost their shape—the soles had come away from the toes, and the heels had turned at a 45-degree angle.

"There must have been a hundred and one different kinds of insects. I tried to keep away from the jungle as much as I could, and I tried to make camp at night on a sandbar or rock by the river. I could never catch the monkeys close enough to see what they were eating, so I judged everything by taste—all I found was a few berries and some other fruits.

"Deer and monkeys were the only wild

life I saw. I did find some leopard tracks and one huge set that must have been made by a tiger—but the animals didn't bother me.

"Sleeping was not too bad when I could find a good spot. I kept my flying helmet as a hat and this protected my ears and head. My undershirt, with the arms tied together and slipped over the head made a fine face net against mosquitoes, and my socks made good mosquito gloves. I never caught malaria, and despite bitter cold downpours of rain many nights, I never caught cold.

"On the twelfth day I ran into trouble. The river ran into a deep gorge and from then on, for the next six days, I was either climbing up or down. There was one pretty unhappy moment. I was inching up a steep cliff, where the bushes were far apart and the sides were shale. At about 150 feet above the rocks in the river, I reached one hand up to catch the next bush. There was a hornet's nest under the leaves, and as I took hold, they swarmed out and stung me all over. I almost decided to let go then—but somehow I didn't."

After eighteen days of this misery, Collins found a little island in the river, with a lean-to made by hunters. He "had to rest his feet," by now hideously infected from the leech bites, and his luck was in. Four days later, a native party found him there. As he said, that island was the "Grand Central Station" of all the trails in the vicinity. The natives took him to their village, treated him with the greatest consideration and sent in a runner with the news. Major Hugh Spruell, ATC Flight Surgeon, parachuted into the village, and a rubber boat was dropped by the plane to get them out more easily than going over the long trail would have been. That boat almost spelled disaster. It overturned in the rapids, and only by heroic work on the doctor's part was it righted and Collins pulled back in. Search and Rescue turned thumbs down on that type of equipment from then on.

I asked the boy, there in the hospital, whether he had ever despaired of finding his way back. "No," he answered simply. "I knew it was going to be tough, but I did know I'd get through. I never doubted that."

Which is another reason why Search and Rescue brings back over 75 per cent of our lost airmen. Their motto is "Somewhere we'll find you." Nearly always they do. □

CBI REUNION IN TULSA
AUGUST 5-8, 1970

Learn to Labor and to Wait

By SGT. ROBERT E. BADGER

From YANK, Sept. 13, 1963

Yuan Chio is a Chinese waiter at the hostel "somewhere in China" where we are stationed as a member of one of Uncle Sam's heavy bombardment groups. He is about 21, short, as are most Chinese, and he can't weigh more than 100 pounds. His long black hair, shiny with oil, hangs over his eyebrow. He wears a dirty white coat and there is a gleam of mischief in his eyes.

I had known Yuan Chio for several months so I knew what to expect when a new soldier came into the mess hall for breakfast for the first time. Breakfast consists every morning (yes, every morning) of "eggis" — "fly eggis," "fly one side," "fly two sides," "scramble eggis," "puoch eggis," also hot cakes and coffee or tea.

"Fried eggis," the new G. I. ordered. A look of hatred came over Yuan Chio's face. "Fly eggis finish," he shouted viciously, "No more fly eggis!" The soldier quailed before this sudden and unwarranted attack. "Alright," he mumbled meekly, "I'll take scrambled eggis, then." But Yuan Chio refused to be mollified. "Scramble effis ten minutes!" he yelled, slamming down a knife and fork in front of the shrinking G. I. And then he stalked indignantly to the kitchen, grumbling what could only be Chinese profanity.

"What's the matter with that guy?" the red-faced soldier asked his neighbor at the table, "All I wanted was something to eat."

The new soldier needn't have felt badly about his first experience with Yuan Chio. Everybody had gone through it at least once. It was Yuan Chio's idea of a joke. Usually, the soldiers are yelling at the waiters—"Bring chow!" "Bring more soup!" "Hurry up with the sweets!" Instead of taking everything meekly and calmly, as perhaps a servant should, he has adopted a definitely belligerent attitude. He never gently slides a plate of food in front of anybody; he slams it down on the table, mumbling some of the choice American phrases he has learned from his American allies. He never agrees to get what is asked from the kitchen; he always yells that there is no more of it or that he won't be able to get it for the next ten or fifteen minutes. If you order more food you can expect to get it from Yuan Chio. It will be dumped on your plate from a point somewhere over your right shoulder,

potatoes, meats and string beans following each other dangerously close to your new khaki shirt. And then Yuan Chio will grin evilly. If thanked for service, he yells something in Chinese which the hearer knows is something very very uncomplimentary. Once in a long, long while, he will be extremely pleasant. He will smile and say "How are you" very sweetly. The next minute when you ask him to bring you something he will be his old snarling self.

The G.I.'s like Yuan Chio. They understand him and know that he is putting on a swell act. They know he is a good waiter and has a knack of getting things out of the kitchen in a hurry. They get a great kick out of his embarrassing some new member of the unit. Personally, I would love to see him come to the states after the war and get a job at the Waldorf-Astoria. I'd give a month's pay to see him serve some fat dowager.

Chinese waiters can be exasperating. There are usually not enough of them to serve everybody promptly. Their knowledge of English is meager and they frequently can't understand what you want. If they take a dislike to you, you'll sit for a half hour before you get served.

The Chinese are a proud people and don't like to be bullied. The other day, a sergeant found that out. Soon after he was seated at the table he began to shout for food, throwing in a liberal sprinkling of profanity, remarks derogatory to the Chinese and to Chinese waiters in particular. Blandly ignoring him, waiter after waiter passed him up to deliver "chow" to others at the table.

We said Chinese waiters can exasperate you. Well, to say he was exasperated is the grossest kind of understatement. Up he jumped from the table, grabbed the nearest waiter by the throat, and began shaking him in rage. They do say the poor Chinese changed in colour from a light yellow to a dark blue. G. I's, of course, intervened, and the enraged sergeant, now almost maniacal, hurled a cup of coffee in his top kick's face — an unpardonable faux pas. Yes, you can become exasperated. It doesn't pay, for Sgt. Blank is now a private and is languishing in the guardhouse.

Our advice to the soldier coming to China (and let's hope plenty of them will) is to match the Chinese with politeness. And to be especially nice to his waiters. □

BOOK REVIEWS



GANDHI, SOLDIER OF NONVIOLENCE: His Effect on India and the World Today. By Calvin Kytile. Gorsset & Dunlap, Inc., New York, N.Y. August 1969. \$4.95.

Another "centenary" biography of Gandhi by a South Carolina resident who has written on race and politics in various magazines. He uses facts to tell of Gandhi's dedicated life and his saintly moral essence, leading up to the time when the aging leader goes almost knowingly to his death at the hands of an assassin, seeking to reconcile the Hindus and Moslems whose religious hatreds were then destroying their newly-independent country.

THE LAND AND PEOPLE OF MALAYSIA. By Mary Louis Clifford. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia and New York. \$3.50.

Another book in the "Portraits of the Nations" series, by the wife of a CBI veteran and longtime Roundup subscriber, Robert L. Clifford. This book covers the Federation of Malaya, which came into being in 1963, including the mountains and plains of what was formerly Malaya, plus two states on the northern coast of Borneo—Sabak and Sarawak. Mrs. Clifford's first book was written after she lived for two years in Karachi, Pakistan, where her husband was with the American Embassy. The Cliffords have also been on assignments in Niger, Sierra Leone, Malaysia and Africa on United Nations work.

GURKHAS. By David Bolt. Delacorte Press, New York, N.Y. November 1969. \$3.95.

This is the 13-century history of the proud, courageous warriors of Nepal, whose spectacular military exploits are known the world over. Their forefathers are the nomad warrior tribes who settled in Nepal in the third century and whose first defeat thereafter came at the hands of the British in 1816. From that time, the Gurkhas formed the elite corps of the British Indian Army, as CBI veterans well remember. The author served in the 10th Gurkhas Rifles regiment of the Indian Army, first as intelligence officer and then as company commander during the partition of India. He spent long periods as the only British officer with his company of Gurkhas, and is especially well qualified to tell the story.

THE GROWTH OF A PARTY SYSTEM IN CEYLON. By Calvin A. Woodward. Brown University Press, Providence, R.I. October 1969. \$8.50.

A history that goes a long way toward explaining why the Ceylonese experience with Western political forms has been almost uniquely successful among Third World nations.

ASIA TODAY. By Han Suyin. McGill University Press. August 1969. \$4.50; paperback \$1.95.

This Eurasian author became well known for her "Many Spondored Thing" and other works, but in this she would have you believe mainland China is Asia. She presents an all-out case for Mao and his revolution.

BAHADUR MEANS HERO. By Sheila Solomon Klass. Gambit Inc., Boston, Mass. September 1969. \$4.95.

The story of a shrewd but penniless Bepali, living by his wits in the bazaars of Bengal until he schemed himself into the service of an American couple too ignorant to mistreat their servants.

THE THREE DAUGHTERS OF MADAME LIANG. By Pearl S. Buck. John Day Co., New York, N.Y. July 1969. \$6.95.

A story of communes in Mao's China, of the Red Guard and purges. Madame Liang, who runs the most fashionable restaurant in Shanghai, has managed to survive through help of friends in high places. She continues to live in China, not out of commitment to Communism, but out of love for her land and people. For her daughters she chooses the West, however, but two of them return to China. One becomes an ardent Communist; the other hates it all and eventually escapes to the West again after her husband is killed.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MAHATMA GANDHI. By Robert Payne. E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York. October 1969. \$12.95.

The author who has already had biographies this year of two Chinese leaders, Chiang Kai-shek and Mao Tse-tung, now has produced one for the man whom he views as one of the two political geniuses of our age (the other is Lenin). This book covers India, Gandhi's beginnings, his identification with the Untouchables, his voluntary poverty as well as his negotiations with viceroys.

**Be Sure to Notify Roundup
When You Change Your Address.**

Election Styles in India

By G. H. JANSEN

From the Statesman

The village voter in South India is far more reserved and more respectfully polite towards candidates than is the voter in the North. This was the main and very striking difference in election style borne in on me after having had the great good fortune of observing electioneering at the grass-roots level in the South during the 1967 General Election and in Punjab during the mid-term election.

To be fair and accurate, it must be said that my basis of observation in the South covered several villages in all four peninsular States whereas in the North I had, regretfully, only a morning and afternoon of electioneering in the countryside south-west of Chandigarh, during which we visited six villages.

However, the type of election meeting I am referring to was the same in both cases: these were small meetings held during the day between the candidate and ten or twenty or thirty leading men of the village. It was at such meetings that the candidate exposed himself as a person to the people who really mattered in village politics and one suspects that it was these gatherings of key men that swung the votes rather than the larger public meetings held in the evenings or at night when the ordinary voter was free from work. These groups were, perhaps, the Indian equivalent of the caucus meetings, held in small back-rooms filled with cigar smoke, that were supposed to dominate American politics before the advent of Senator McCarthy and his young crusaders.

The physical setting was much the same for the North and the South. The formality in the South began with the greetings: no matter how small or how remote the village there were always garlands (one candidate, I suspected, brought a supply along with him—but not the others). But in Punjab the only floral offering I saw was a single, bedraggled strand of marigolds. Instead there were hearty hand-shakes all round, a form of greeting that Southerners do not favour. What they did seem to favour in the South was the invariable presence of a table and a couple of chairs for the candidate and his chief supporters. The table set the candidate apart from his audience and he, standing behind

it, literally talked down to them as they sat in a semi-circle before him on the ground. However small and intimate the group, there were always a few introductory words by some local big-wig and then a short set-speech by the candidate. This would be listened to in silence; no interruptions, no heckling, if a joke was cracked, there would be smiles but no outright laughter; if a point was well made, there would be approving rockings of the head; and after the talk there were no questions and answers. Following a brief embarrassed silence and whispered consultations among the candidate's party, they would rise from their chairs and the meeting was over.

In Punjab there was total informality. Everybody sat on dhuris spread on the ground, and no sooner was the candidate seated than people began talking to him and at him. Jokes there were aplenty, greeted with generous laughter. There was some attempt at introduction and speechifying but these were usually cut short by interruptions and more often than not the candidate had to compete with two or three other persons, all talking together. Now, it could be that this dialogue (or trialogue or quatrilogue) was deliberately planned so as to give the electors the flattering sense that they were telling the candidate a thing or two and giving him a piece of their mind: but I don't think it was intended so. The Punjabi voter seems to want to size up his candidate by talking with him while the Southerner is content with listening to and looking at him. At one of the Punjabi meetings most of the talking was done by a village patriarch. From the stream of rough, rural Punjabi, one word bobbed up from time to time: "porogram". What he was saying, I was told, was that they had heard enough of "porograms", therefore they were not going to ask the candidate what his programme was. They were going to vote for him because the present representative had done nothing for them.

The fact that the South Indian voter did not talk back to the candidates did not mean that they believed the speeches to which they listened so attentively: rather the opposite. Most of the candidates I went round with were Congressmen and most of them were defeated. Having listened to them politely, the Southern electors quietly voted them out of office.

One point of resemblance between the candidates in the North and the South

was in the content of their speeches which were all strictly down-to-earth and on local issues. In the South, the talk was of schools and roads and the price of rice; in the North of schools and roads and tube-wells. Indeed the candidate in Punjab talked on just one subject: with seeming simplicity he recounted how, a few days earlier, he had been campaigning in the northern part of the constituency, in the foothills of the Siwaliks, where women had to walk four miles to get water. He said no more, but the tone of his voice was redolent with reproachful sympathy. His unspoken point—that he would do something about the water supply—seems to have been well taken because he was elected by a large majority.

Somewhat to my surprise I discovered that women in the villages appeared far more emancipated in the South than in Punjab. In the South, a few of them would pause in their daily work and stand and listen on the fringe of the gathering, but no woman did that in

the villages outside Chandigarh. And when the candidate made his usual tour of the village, the Punjabi women only peeped out cautiously from behind half-closed doors while in the South they came out of their houses to take a look at the group of men walking by.

One final point of comparison has to be made. Having, during my school and college days, got to know something about villages near Bangalore and Madras, I never understood why Mahatma Gandhi should refer to the Indian village as a "dung heap" for those in the Southern States are quite clean; an impression that was confirmed two years ago. But the villages near Chandigarh certainly came pretty close to justifying the Mahatma's description. And this in spite of the fact that the whole area is quite prosperous. The smelly channel carrying off sewage water down the middle of every lane is just not there in Southern villages, not does one find swarms of flies. □



GRAND HOTEL on Chowringhee in Calcutta, India, in 1945. Note vehicular traffic, including two of the large touring cars used by Sikh taxi drivers at left. Photo by Clare W. Leipnitz.

NOVEMBER, 1969

Pattern of Life in Tibet

From The Statesman

Four Tibetans—Niyima Tsering (50), Pemba (23), Dachuk (28) and his wife Mingmar (23)—from the once important Indo-Tibetan trade centre of Phari, crossed into West Bengal from Bhutan early last month after fleeing Tibet in September. Their accounts give a picture of the present-day pattern of life in Tibet. As in the case of some others, the constant food shortage, the loss of personal freedom and the insecurity had led them to flee Tibet. They also give eye-witness accounts of the cultural revolution and clashes among the Red Guards.

According to them, the Liu Shao Chi faction known as the United Alliance (most Tibetans joined this group) initially had an edge over their opponents and put up anti-Mao posters everywhere. When the Mao supporters—the Revolutionary Rebels—came to power they replaced the Liu posters with Mao slogans. It was a status symbol to carry the Red Books and wear as many Mao badges as possible.

According to observers, although the cultural revolution in Tibet did not involve the bulk of the local population, there were large-scale purges in the Tibetan set-up. But although many of the top-ranking Tibetans were publicly humiliated and imprisoned in the purges, they were not put to death. They were merely isolated so as to make them undergo intensive brain-washing.

As in the Chinese mainland, power, both in the administration and in the party hierarchy, now lies with the People's Liberation Army. The 14-member Tibet Autonomous Region Revolutionary Committee, set up on September 5, 1968, in Lhasa, comprises mostly army men. The committee has four Tibetans. The committee virtually replaced the 301-member Tibet Autonomous Region Council, set up in September, 1965, comprising elected members from different parts of Tibet. Latest reports say that torchlight processions are being taken out frequently in Lhasa, under the auspices of the Revolutionary Committee, to protest against "the provocative Russian intrusions into Chinese territories".

The refugees say that all trading in Phari, known as Kungsey, is now carried on by the Chinese and the Tibetans have to sell their produce to them at arbitrarily fixed prices. The Chinese are also laying greater emphasis on agriculture. Of the harvested crops, the Chinese re-

tain three-fourths and the farmer the rest. Giving an instance of the Chinese preoccupation with the growth of agriculture the refugees say that when the Chinese pillaged Gyantse's famous monastery, Palgon Cholden, they used the ashes from the burnt religious books as a fertilizer. The flourishing market near the monastery has almost disappeared with the few remaining shops selling only agricultural implements.

Tibetan towns have been divided into zones. Phari has three and Drontse five. The old dresses and customs of the Tibetans, including the wearing of ornaments, are forbidden because they are considered to be remnants of bourgeois culture. Tibetans now wear their hair short and dress like the Chinese. When friends meet they are expected to talk mostly about how to increase production and propagate Mao's thoughts.

Chinese forces, meanwhile, continue to move in strength along the borders and never remain stationed in one area for a long time. Arms dumps dot the entire area and missile launchers have been set up on mountain-tops and passes. There is also said to be an underground military installation in the Chumbi Valley.

Tibetan youth militias in the 20-30 age group have been formed. The experimental communes started with five to ten families (and known as Yamley Chembo) in Phari did not prove to be a success, but the Chinese announced that they would go ahead with their programme of establishing more communes. □

Tell All Your
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EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CBIVA Invites You

● Subscribers to Ex-CBI Roundup who were absent from the China Burma India Veterans Association Reunion in Vail missed an enticing get together; beautiful and different from the usual. Come next August 5-6-7-8 the Association will convene in colorful and historic Oklahoma with headquarters in Tulsa. And the following year in dashing Dallas. So-o all you subscribers, why not send immediately — an Ex-CBI Roundup renewal and a membership in CBIVA? It's the grandest group anywhere. Chances are you might find there is a local basha nearby. The headquarters in Milwaukee at the War Memorial Center will be happy to help you find some buddies for conjuring up memories of that God forsaken yet exciting exotic theater. Most groups

have frequent social activities, not just an annual reunion. At the August 1969 reunion I assumed the chairmanship of the Membership Rally. No group of people giving of themselves for our great nation ever served together more closely than those involved in the CBI theater. Here each discovered the true meaning of teamwork, understanding and respect for his fellow man and his job, the desire to protect his buddy, and the development of lasting friendships. The lack of these could have meant you wouldn't be here today. You'd be in Chabua, or one of the other places, under a little white cross. Those close ties still prevail in CBI groups today. Let us hear from you; we know you are there. Somewhere. And let another CBI vet know of our fine magazine and organi-

zation—both sure to bring a warm rush of memories.
HOWARD CLAGER,
7599 Downing St.,
Dayton, Ohio 45414

Open Channels

● Let me congratulate you for putting out a very readable journal and keeping the channels open among so many of us who have close bonds but no way of keeping up with each other except through Ex-CBI Roundup.

REUBEN A. HOLDEN,
President,
Yale-in-China Assn.
New Haven, Conn.

National Historian

● Had a great time in Vail. What a combination . . . beautiful country and wonderful CBIers! Having been appointed national historian, I would appreciate hearing from everyone around the country as to basha "doings" and any CBI general news. Please keep those calls and letters coming in! And Diane as youth group chairman will collect their news and send out a bulletin now and then . . . she says. We are looking forward to the Texas Basha's state meeting on October 18 in Salado at Stage Coach Inn.

PAT EDWARDS,
(Amy Patricia Edwards),
1215 Antoine,
Houston, Tex. 77055

Reunion Programs

● Copies of the 1969 CBIVA Reunion Program and Membership Directory are still available to those who would like to receive a copy. Send your request along with \$1 to me at 4068 North 70th Street, Milwaukee, Wis. 53216. A copy was given or mailed to each member who sponsored an ad in the program. Should any booster ad sponsor not have received his copy, please contact me at the above address. All proceeds after mailing costs will go to the CBIVA treasury.

GENE BRAUER,
Milwaukee, Wis.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION

(Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39,
United States Code)

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B. Paid Circulation		
1. Sales Through Dealers and Carriers, Street Vendors and Counter Sales	290	280
2. Mail Subscription	1,835	1,910
C. Total Paid Circulation	2,125	2,190
D. Free Distribution (including samples) by Mail, Carrier or Other Means	40	40
E. Total Distribution	2,165	2,230
F. Office Use, Left-Over, Unac- counted, Spoiled After Printing	125	130
G. Total	2,290	2,360

NOVEMBER, 1969



Commander's Message

by

Raymond W. Kirkpatrick

National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.

Salaams:

In the official War Department history of the China-Burma-India Theatre of World War Two their historians tell us that the Stilwell Command problems were unprecedented in the history of the U.S. Army.

Now look around the community at the national, state and local levels. The count of Ex-CBI "Hands" that have reached the top in their chosen life work will astound you. Much of their success in later years can be attributed to experiences gained in helping to solve those CBI problems whether they were on missions flying the Hump or in the jungle below.

Your own CBI background helps separate the CBIVA from other organizations. To see for yourself plan now to attend four happy days at the coming Tulsa Reunion. There you will find your CBI friendships were and are an important factor in your life. They have no equal.

A problem confronting so many social organizations today is a lack of attendance at regular scheduled meetings. The solution is not easy to find. The only contact many members have is through the medium of newsletters, the lifeblood of a basha. Many fine basha publications are being received. Filling the pages and getting these messages to the membership on time is no easy job. But it must be done. Your cooperation is vital to your basha.

Our national historian, Amy "Pat" Edwards, requests material on CBIVA and

This space is contributed to the CBIVA by Ex-CBI Roundup as a service to the many readers who are members of the Assn., of which Roundup is the official publication. It is important to remember that CBIVA and Roundup are entirely separate organizations. Your subscription to Roundup does not entitle you to membership in CBIVA, nor does your membership in CBIVA entitle you to a subscription to Roundup. You need not be a member of CBIVA in order to subscribe to Roundup or vice versa.—Ed.

basha activities to fill up the history book of the year.

Commander Louis Poudre, Address PS.D. U.S. Operations, APO San Francisco, Ca. 96346, requests the names of CBI veterans now living in the Orient. Other bashas are in prospect at other San Francisco APO addresses and he will appreciate finding a stack of mail in this regard when he returns to Bangkok in January 1970.

Junior Vice Commanders Bob Thomas and Art Angstenberger are working on names of 200 prospective members in their areas. Jim Brown, camera and all, is beating the bushes around the Great Lakes looking for "lost sheep" and a roll of film missing since 1950.

The Texas State Department scheduled a "Grand Texas Bull Session" Oct. 18, 1969 at the Stagecoach Inn, Salado, Texas. I had to pass it by for a planned visit later on.

"Doc" Barcella reports that a meeting is planned in Denver October 26, 1969 regarding organizing a new basha there.

On my agenda for November: Executive Board Meeting, Milwaukee, Saturday, Nov. 1. Installation of officers Chicago Basha Sunday, Nov. 2. A 400 unit veterans parade in San Francisco Sunday, Nov. 9. An estimated 150,000 spectators for parade Nov. 11, Hayward, Calif. The General Sliney Basha is planning an affair for Mary and myself Nov. 15.

RAY KIRKPATRICK,
National Commander

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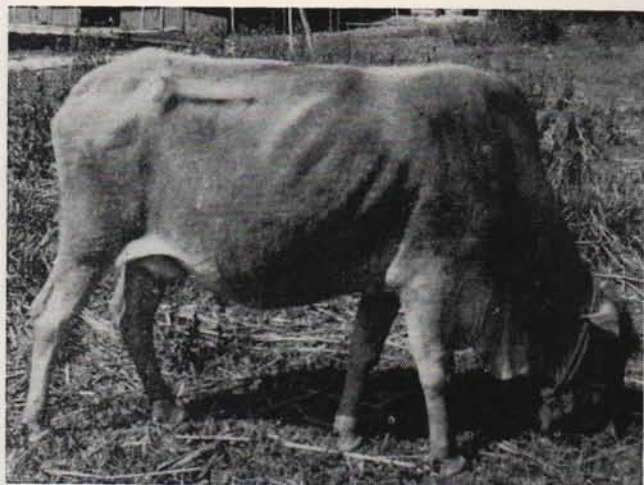
They are tiny—only 1/4-inch high, 3/4-inch wide—but will catch the eye of any CBI-er you chance to meet.

Ex-CBI Roundup

P.O. Box 125

Laurens, Iowa

EX-CBI ROUNDUP



DAIRY cow in the herd of Sandy Flynn, tea planter at Seal-kotie, Assam. It took half a dozen cows like this to produce enough milk for Flynn's two children, and their tea. Photo from Robert S. Field.

Ordinance in India

● Was unaware until recently that Ex-CBI Roundup was being published. I went over in August 1943 with the 1967th Ordnance Depot Co. Avn. We landed in Bombay and traveled by train to the B-29 base which was located at Kharagupur. From there my platoon was transferred to the 732nd Ordnance Depot Co., 2nd Ordnance Battalion, in Calcutta where we remained for the duration. I would enjoy hearing from some of my old outfit.

PAUL C. MCCOSH,
1378 Jefferson Ave.,
East Point, Ga.

12th Service Group

● Certainly enjoying Ex-CBI Roundup. Your article in the June 1969 issue on the 12th Air Service Group was most interesting. It brought back old memories. I was with the 12th during much of the time; I am the former Dorothy Yuen. Attended the recent 14th Air Force convention in Toledo . . . quite a turnout and lots of fun.

MRS. HARALD LEUBA,
Phoenix, Arizona

73rd Ordnance

● Had occasion last week to read a copy of the Ex-CBI Roundup and it has been a puzzle to me as to why I have not heard about your publication and the CBI Veterans Association. I was a member of the original Military Mission to Iran and when the mission fizzled was re-assigned to the CBI. I left the US in April 1942 on the little Cuban SS Lines ship the Monterey and arrived in Iran

in May. I was there for a few days and on May 18, 1942, was transferred to India. I arrived in Karachi and was assigned to Hq. Service of Supply in New Delhi on May 28, 1942. I received a direct commission in January 1943 and was assigned to the 73rd Ordnance Depot Co. in Karachi. The company was transferred to Calcutta in May of 1943 and set up operations in a jute mill in the Cosipore Area. Our unit was billeted in the American Orphanage on the Dum Dum road. I left the CBI via Bombay on July 8, 1944. It was while I was stationed with the Hq. Service of Supply in New Delhi that Lt. Thomas of the QM office showed me the original sketch for the CBI patch. We were among the first to receive the patches after their manufacture.

GEORGE B. STEWART,
Rutland, Vt.

River Kwai

● Thought you might be interested in a clipping about the new bridge over the River Kwai. We used to bomb this during World War II when I was with 436 Bomb Squadron, 7th Bomb Group. Many people thought that this bridge might have been just fictional.

PETER E. PAPPAS,
Boston, Mass.



RACE TRACK in Calcutta on a Sunday afternoon during World War II. Photo from Dr. H. Tod Smiser.

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